during the reign of Queen Anne, were also mentioned, and the growth of Puritanism in art, felt subsequently, was illustrated by a reference to the dispute upon the question of inserting the painted window in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. The question of ornament had been discussed in the work entitled "The Ornaments of Churches considered;" and it was shewn that all the great reformers had advocated the propriety of enriching religious edifices with fitting decorations. Never was there an age which presented so many materials for consideration as the present.

In the concluding lecture, which we are compelled to postpone, the professor reviewed the progress of classical architecture, and its practice in this country of late years.

ON THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE GREEKS.*

AFTER the introductory discussion contained in my former paper on this subject, we come now to examine (although the nature and form of such a disquisition as the present cannot admit of that minuteness of research which otherwise would be well worthy of our attention)—to examine into the history of the regard and reverence for Greek architecture, and incidentally to remark upon the main features of the movement which the step in the world's advance taken by the ancient Greeks constituted.

I need not recapitulate how eighteen centuries ago the Government of the world was centred in old Rome, enthroned with a grandeur of power hitherto unapproximated, and revelling in a luxury of wealth and magnificence the wonder of all nations;—how amidst this splendour of their power the Romans nurtured the sciences, the arts, letters, and philosophy, self-refining and self-elevating with success complete and beautiful;—how the mark was overshot into voluptuousness and weakness, and rude savages from the wilderness overwhelmed the very ruins of their beauty and greatness in angry rapine and the wantonness of barbarian spoil;—how the world sank down deep and deeper into the darkness of superstition and the brute-tyranny and brute-servility of its worship, till half the long time towards the present age had passed gloomily and miserably by;—and how, from out of this dismal night there had been prepared a gradual dawn, long long in breaking, but at last most gladly and triumphantly brought on. A beautiful scene,—the powers of light softly appearing and softly gaining on the powers of darkness! The day has risen, till we at the present are its still extending noon,—a position of vast ennoblement and thankworthiness, when we look back upon the long track of the morning to the far-beginning glimmering in that horrible gloom.

There is a bad delusion at present growing up, whereby many seem to hold this very darkness as the day—this hideous waste as in reality the land of grateful retrospect. It is the fashion (and I need not conceal my opinion, that, as the fashion goes, it has little truly to sustain it long),—it is the fashion to admire and study the architectural works of the medieval times. And this being the fashion, although there is no lack of true principles and excellent precepts in those works, which might very well be culled and cherished for their merit while the mass of refuse should be cast away, yet, far from such rational discernment being the rule, the study is simply a search to discover all the authentic, and the admiration an exaltation of that unlimited all to the usual enthronement and supremacy of such dogmatic matter. Whereby, it being part and parcel of all such quackery to reject most utterly all pretensions but its own,—other architecture of the world is of course, *in toto*, and at once, rejected and denounced, and this in solitary exclusiveness set up alone to receive the homage of adoration due to the true and genuine faith. And that the holders of such creed should push it into the simple fallacy that the period which has left us these glorious memorials was a glorious period, the mind that produced those beautiful works a beautiful mind, is but the immediate and easy consequence — the natural result; and the dark ages become endowed with a sepulchral light which they will tell you is sunshine, and their misery, clothed in a fictitious estimation, mistaken for the beautiful and the good. It is the horrible fancy of a class of our archæologists to persuade us that the medieval time was almost a lovely thing—a thing of excellent beauties and rare interest; and there are serious men who verily regret its departure, and wish its return. The most expressive name which enlightened men have universally applied,—*the dark ages*,—is repudiated as a fallacy and a wrong; and terms savouring of endearment and merit are warmly adopted instead. And if it be worth the while of architecture to push forward a claim to some importance in the world, on the ground of the secret of this movement lying mainly, if not altogether, in itself, then I fancy the claim must be acknowledged, and our art exalted accordingly. But the facts of history are enough to found the estimate of that dark period upon; and the rational end to which a discriminating study of the arts of the time would lead us is simply this,—that in the darkness that so thickly overspread the earth, and so completely bewildered and misled the souls of men, there was a corresponding poverty and grossness and inelegancy which pervaded every work and every thought,—although in one department certainly, and that department, as it happens, architecture (by reason of church-building being so signally the province most likely to educe in such an age the utmost power and best refinement), there is to be observed attainments which are far from valueless (as in other departments their attainments generally most unquestionably were), and even in some respects—indeed in many excellent respects, it may be admitted — attainments which are well worthy of attentive study, and sometimes even deserving of the admiration of surprise.

Now it is not needless thus to insist upon the true character of the middle ages, for we have to mark well the depth of the abyss before we can appreciate aright the vastness of the rebound with which the human mind sprang up from its dark lethargy. The spectacle of the mind of Europe in the fifteenth century was the most remarkable scene in the whole drama of earth, when, upon the gloomy night deepening through so many ages, there arose, faintly breaking, the dawn. Men stood abashed in marvelling ignorance, gazing fascinated upon the incomprehensible light. Born in the wilderness, and nurtured there, the prime of life, and even its grey decline spent miserably among the barrenness, men in a sudden moment were carried into the midst of the bright great city, and in the amazement of the surprise were bewildered and lost. And when those children of night, gazing upon the dawn as it grew, beheld at last, broadly and astonishedly seen, the sun of old Rome in all his splendour and purity, how grand a thing! how vastly, beautifully new! How greedily and wonderingly the husk-fed starvelings of scholasticism drank of the generous old Roman wine!

So deeply had our nature become degraded under the tyrannous rule of that dismal period and its dismal faith-philosophy, that a true, or free, or generous search for wisdom existed only as the vagary of some neglected fanatic, forgotten when he died. There was no truth. Of learning there was plenty—subtle reconcilement of stubborn fact with canonic fiction, ingenious deduction of orthodoxy new from orthodoxy old; but there was no truth, no kindly good, no beauty. The discovery of the relics of antiquity was the discovery of a new world. We do not, now-a-days, count the old Romans a very angelic community, but to the benighted schoolmen the remains one by one dug up from their tomb were like messages from a superior sphere. There was a truthfulness in the old truth that made their truth dim, a genuine manliness about the very errors of the old time that threw their errors into tenfold shame, a beauty and refinement cast into every thing of old Rome, an elegance and grace into its every imagination, that only could be wondered at in contrast with their wretched travesty. The pitiful writers of legends of the saints and expositions of the canons looked upon the calm good thinkings of the poets, and philosophers, and historians of old; the explorers of alchemy and occult influences, demonology, witchcraft, and miracles, were confounded with the logician, the astronomer, the naturalist, the moralist; and the sorry stainers of glass and grinders of mosaics and carvers of hairy demons with tails, were introduced to the ten thousand relics of wondrous beauty that had lain buried for so many heedless centuries beneath their feet. And the more they searched in a greediness for beauty, the more they found to satisfy and amaze; every reader produced new beauty from the bookshelves, and every digger dug up new beauty from the mine of ruins where the old Rome slept beneath the new.

I hope it will not give too grave offence to say that, while the remains of antiquity in other provinces of mind were found so exquisitely superior, in the province of architecture too this superiority was also the source of pleasure and surprise. I have already granted to this one art in the medieval time its credit for a vast pre-eminence before other works of the mind of the period; but even at the best there was an ever-present crudeness, and perversion, and lack of grace which, beside the architecture of the Romans, shewed a refinement pervading the classic model which the other could never claim.

We all know of this appreciation of ancient superiority having overgrown itself at last, and resulted in the servile dogmatism of rules and regulations; this may be simply alluded to, but need not be more lengthily spoken of at present.

For our business is more with the Greeks than the Romans. And now we reach them. In process of time, as a matter of course, the merit of the Romans came to be traced back simply to its source—the merits of the Greeks. The Romans were, in every respect, in all departments of knowledge and skill, little else than the successors and protractors of the Greeks as originators—the pupils of the Greeks as masters. Before their acquisition of Greece and its mind-treasures they were barbarians: the Roman arts, sciences, letters, and philosophy were the mere continuation and protraction of the Greek. So the study of the Roman works became the study of the Greek. But more than this, there is a truthfulness and vigour in an original, which imitation perhaps never comes up to;—in the Roman continuation there was a manifest falling short of the Greek model in its essence. Upon the basis of their model they had built originalities of their own, displaying all the freshness and precision of originalities: but in their carrying out of their Greek pattern,—under which term may be included all their fundamentals of style, and all their generalities of detail,—there were minute principles which had been mistaken, minute graces which had been lost, whereby the excellence of classic design became now more excellent still. Add to this that there was a severe elegance and precision of thought in the Greek mind, in respect of which the more voluptuous and flexible Roman was altogether a different being, and the reason becomes stronger still why, when the model of Rome was traced back to the model of Greece, and the taste of the revivers had become accustomed to the peculiarities, and initiated into the beauties, of the severity and simpleness of thought, the interest became deeper than ever, and the regard for Greek design an increase and augmentation of the reverence which had already been bestowed so very largely on the Roman.

A glance at the movement in the world's progression which the Greeks made will close our inquiry for the present, and lay the top-stone on our estimate of their proud eminence. And here we look at a movement which the history of the human race has never equalled, so great was the stride taken and so signal the exquisiteness attained. The Romans were pupils of the Greeks,—the Greeks were masters self-taught, self-taking the first step. It is of course true that in the Egyptians and Phœnicians the Greeks had a sort of instructors; but in the mightiness of the step they advanced, the previous position of those nations is thrown into the merest insignificance, like the hieroglyphics of Thebes beside the sculptures of Athens. The step becomes a *first* step—an origination as if absolutely; and that wonderful people take the rank of the first founders of man's progress. Before the Greeks we may say there was nothing—chaos,

* Read at a meeting of the Architectural Association, at Lyon's-inn Hall, on Friday, the 11th inst. For preceding portion, see p. 13, *ante*.

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